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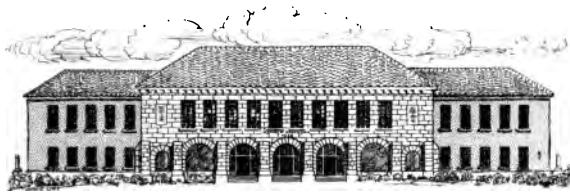
DRAMATIC FIRST READER



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THE
DRAMATIC FIRST READER

BY
ELLEN M. CYR

=

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDITH BROWNING BRAND



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32.

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The Athenæum Press
GINN & COMPANY · CAM-
BRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS

TO
MY LITTLE
NIECES AND NEPHEW
HONORINE, HOWARD, AND DORIS



79378



PREFACE



Dainty airs and graces,
Fans and bouquets, too;
Tell me, little children,
What it is you do.

Say the little children,
“We pretend to-day
We are men and women, —
Such a merry play!”



It is through play that the little child develops and gives free scope to his imagination. Play is the way in which he expresses the life which is developing within him.

Through its exercise he stimulates his imagination, and lives many scenes outside his own experiences, developing ways and means to meet various occasions.

One of the first things a little child does is to impersonate the various animals and objects about him, thus placing himself in closer relationship and sympathy with the whole world.

Many teachers are awakening to these facts, and are taking advantage of this love of play. Their classes

are acting the fables, songs, and nature lessons, thus making them a part of their own experiences and cutting loose from the rote methods of fact absorption.

The Dramatic Reader is written in response to a demand for reading lessons to be carried out in this way.

The stories may be read as simple dialogues or actually played if the teachers so desire.

Children are so imaginative that their fancy supplies all lack of setting or costume, and the stimulation of their play will give them unconsciously the expression and life which is desired in their reading.

ELLEN M. CYR.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

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THE CYR

DRAMATIC FIRST READER

A MORNING CALL



Papa. Do you wish to ride out with me this morning, Marion?

Marion. Yes, thank you, I should like to go.

Papa. Well, put your hat on, and we will start.

(A boy with string for reins may represent the horse.)

Go on, Major.

Marion. Major is a good horse, isn't he, papa?

Papa. Yes, he is. Whoa! We will go into this house, Marion.

Good morning, Mrs. White. This is my little daughter Marion.

Mrs. White. How do you do, Marion? I am glad to see you. Will you take off your hat?

Marion. Yes, thank you. Oh, what a pretty parrot! Can it talk?

Mrs. White. Yes, it can talk. You may amuse yourself with Polly while I visit with your papa.

Marion. How do you do, Polly?

Polly. How do you do?

Marion. Oh, papa, did you hear that?

Polly. Pretty Polly. Polly wants a cooky.

Mrs. White. Would you like a cooky for Polly?

Marion. Yes, if you please.

Mrs. White. Go into the next room and ask Kate for one of Polly's cookies.

Marion. Kate, may I have a cooky for Polly?

Kate. Yes indeed. Here is a cooky for Polly and a nut cake for yourself.

Marion. Thank you, Kate, I do like nut cakes. Here, Polly, you may have this cooky.

Polly. Good girl, good girl! Thank you! thank you!

Marion. Oh, papa, look at Polly. She wants me to pat her head.

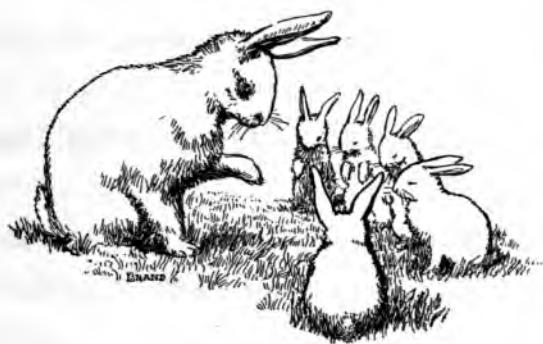
Mrs. White. Be careful, Marion, Polly will bite sometimes.

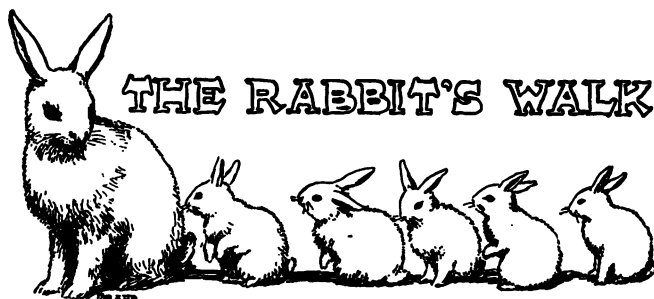
Papa. Put on your hat, Marion. We must go now.

Mrs. White. Good-by, Marion. Come and see me again.

Marion. Thank you, I shall be glad to come. I will bring something for Polly next time.







Mother Rabbit. Come, little rabbits, let us go for a walk.

Bunny. All right, mother, we will go.

Mother. Stay near me, little rabbits. The fox may see you.

Sniff. I am not afraid of a fox.

Whisker. The fox cannot catch me.

Whitenose. The fox could catch you.

Whisker. I can run fast.

Frisky. The fox can run fast, too. I shall stay near mother.

Mother. That is right. Run and hide if you see a man. A man has a gun to shoot little rabbits.

Whitenose. Oh, what a bad man to shoot a little rabbit!

Bunny. The man could not shoot me. I can run fast.

Mother. You must all run if you see a man.

Sniff. I will run if I hear a gun.

Mother. Now I am going to sleep. Do not run away.

Bunny. Let us run into the woods.

Whisker. All right, I will go.

Sniff. I will, but do not go far. (Bang ! bang !)

All. Oh, dear ; hear that gun !

Bunny. Mother ! mother ! Where are you ?

Mother. Here I am, little rabbits. Run ! run !

Man. I see some rabbits. I will shoot them.

Bunny. Oh, mother, did you hear that gun ?

Mother. Yes, I did. Why did you run away ?

Frisky. We were bad little rabbits.

Mother. Yes, you were. The man is gone now. If you will be good, you may run and play.

All. We will not run away again.



WHAT THE CROW SAYS



The first crow says, “What think you, birds,
I saw this morn?”

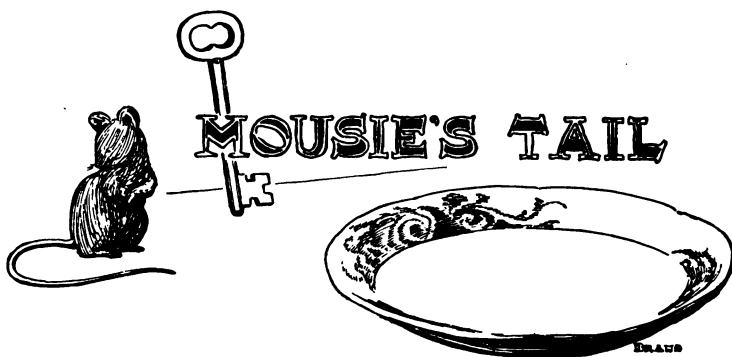
The second crow says, “I know, my dear,
it must be corn.”

The third crow says, “How many birds will
go with me?”

The fourth crow says, “Be patient, friends;
a man I see!”

The fifth crow says, “Caw, caw! Caw, caw!
He has a gun. Now let’s be off; fly, every one.”





Mouse. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I have lost my fine long tail!

Please give it back to me, Mrs. Cat.

Mrs. Cat. No, I will not. Not until you bring me a saucer of milk.

Go ask Mrs. Cow, and do not come back without it.

Mouse. Mrs. Cow, will you give me some of your sweet milk?

Mrs. Cow. Why do you want some milk?

Mouse. I want it for Mrs. Cat, so she will give me back my nice long tail.

Mrs. Cow. If you will give me some hay, I will give you all the milk you can carry.

Mouse. Where shall I go for the hay?

Mrs. Cow. Go ask Farmer Ellis. He has a barn full of hay.

Mouse. Farmer Ellis, will you give me some hay for the cow?

Farmer Ellis. Well, well, little mouse! Why do you wish hay for the cow?

Mouse. If I give her some hay, she will give me some milk for the cat, and then the cat will give me back my nice long tail.

Farmer Ellis. You may have all the hay you wish, if you will get a key for me. I have lost the key to the barn.

Mouse. Locksmith, will you please give me a key to Farmer Ellis' barn?

Locksmith. I am sorry, little mouse, but I have no key that will fit his lock. If you will get me some iron from the mines, I will make you a key.

Mouse. How do you do, miner? I have come a long way to find you.

Miner. How did you come down here?

Mouse. I climbed into the bucket and came down. Will you give me some iron for the locksmith?

Miner. Of course I will. Here is some. You shall have all you wish.

Mouse. Thank you, miner. Now I can have my long tail again.

Locksmith. Well, did you get the iron for me, little mouse?

Mouse. Yes, here it is. Please make me the key as quickly as you can.

Locksmith. Here is the key. You may take it to the farmer.

Mouse. Thank you, locksmith.

Farmer. Have you a key to my barn, little mouse?

Mouse. Here it is, farmer. Will you give me the hay for Mrs. Cow?

Farmer. Help yourself, little mouse. You may have all you can carry.

Mouse. Thank you very much.

Here, Mrs. Cow, I have some nice hay for you.

Mrs. Cow. Thank you, little mouse. You may have the milk for Mrs. Cat.

Mrs. Cat. Well, have you brought me some milk, little mouse? If you have not, I think I shall eat you.

Mouse. I have brought the milk. Here it is. Now give me my tail.

Mrs. Cat. I do not know where your tail is.

Mouse. Oh, dear! Do think where you put it. I am so tired, and I want my tail so much.

Mrs. Cat. Look behind the door.

Mouse. No, it is not there.

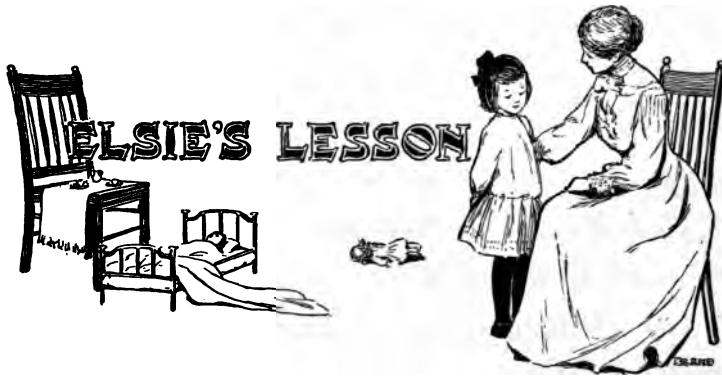
Mrs. Cat. Look in the wood basket.

Mouse. No, no! It is not there.

Mrs. Cat. Oh, I know where I put it. It is in that box.

Mouse. Yes, here it is! I am so glad to get it again.

Mrs. Cat. And I am glad to have this saucer of milk.



Mamma. Elsie, Elsie, come here to me.

Elsie. Here I am, mamma, what do you wish?

Mamma. How old are you, Elsie?

Elsie. I am six years old. Last Tuesday was my birthday.

Mamma. I know it was, and I think it is time you did some work.

Elsie. Oh, dear! I do not like to work! I want to spend my time in play. I want to play as the birds and flowers do.

Mamma. You may spend to-day in the woods, and see what the wood people do.

Elsie. Oh, there is a gray squirrel! Gray

squirrel, gray squirrel! My mother says I must do some work. You never work, do you?

Squirrel. Why, yes! I have to put away nuts for the winter. Of course I work.

Elsie. But I always see you running and jumping from trees.

Squirrel. Sometimes I am playing, but I look about to see where the nuts are growing.

I must find food before the nuts are ripe, and when the burs open I must carry the nuts to a safe place for the winter.

Elsie. Good-by then, squirrel, I wish to find a playfellow who never works.

Robin! pretty robin! You never work, do you?

Robin. Yes, little girl, I do a great deal of work.

Elsie. What work do you do? You are singing and flying about all the time.

I never see you work.

Robin. I carry straws and little twigs to build my nest. When that is done, I have to care for my pretty blue eggs.

Elsie. Oh, yes! I forgot that. I have seen you fly by with straw in your beak.

What are you doing now?

Robin. I will tell you. Up in the top of that tree is my nest and in it are five baby birds.

They are growing very fast and I must find food for them. Good-by.

Elsie. There is a bee. I know he works. Grandma is always singing, "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!"

Bee. Are you singing about me, little girl?

Elsie. Yes; I suppose you are working as usual.

Bee. Yes, I am. I must make honey and cells to put it into. I am always at work.

Elsie. It is too bad. I am so sorry for you, you poor bee!

Bee. Sorry for me? Why, I am as happy as I can be.

I love to work among the sweet flowers, and I could not be happy if I did not work.

Elsie. Flowers do not work. I will live like a flower and do nothing all day long.

Lily, my yellow lily! Do you have anything to do?

Lily. Yes, little girl, I always have something to do.

My roots are getting food out of the ground.

Elsie. But your gay blossoms and green leaves are always idle.

Lily. My leaves and blossoms gather life from the sunshine. I am making seeds. Do you not work, little girl?

Elsie. I will ask mamma to give me some work to do. I wish to be of some use.

If the bees, and birds, and flowers are happy in their work, I shall be happy, too.





Mamma. Agnes! Agnes! Agnes!

Agnes. Yes, mamma, I am coming.

Mamma. I wish you to go to the store for me.
Take Paul with you.

Agnes. What shall I buy at the store?

Mamma. You may buy a spool of thread for four cents and some shoe laces for two cents. Here is a ten-cent piece.

Agnes. Then I shall have four cents to bring home.

Mamma. You may keep one of them to put in your bank.

Paul. I want one to put in my bank.

Mamma. Yes, you may have one, too.

Agnes and Paul. Thank you, mamma.

(At the store.)

Clerk. What do you want, little girl?

Agnes. I should like a spool of white thread and some shoe laces.

Clerk. What color do you wish the shoe laces to be?

Agnes. Black ones, if you please, sir; and here is the money.

Clerk. You must have four cents back. Here they are.

(Agnes and Paul leave the store.)

Paul. I am glad mamma will let me have the cent to put in my bank.

Agnes. There are Thomas and James. Let us run to them.

Agnes. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I have lost my cent! What shall I do?

Thomas. Why, what is the matter?

Paul. Agnes has lost her cent.

James. Oh, well; do not cry. I will help you find it.

Paul. Come on, Thomas. See if you can find Agnes' cent.

Agnes. I know you cannot; I have looked everywhere. Oh, dear! what shall I do?

Thomas. You will never find it if you sit down and cry.

James. We'll walk back to the store and look for it.

Thomas. Oh, there is my teacher, Miss Stone.

Miss Stone. Good morning, Thomas!

Thomas. Good morning, Miss Stone!

Miss Stone. Where are you going this morning?

Thomas. We are looking for Agnes' cent.

James. She lost it on her way from the store.

Miss Stone. Did she? Well, I have just picked up a cent. I think it must be the one Agnes lost.

Agnes. Oh, thank you! Yes, it is the very one. I am so glad to have it back.





James. Oh, how I wish we might have a big snowstorm!

Mabel. It is a long time since last winter!

George. It is almost Thanksgiving Day, and not a snowflake has fallen!

Henry. Let us go and ask Mother Nature to send us a snowstorm.

All. Mother Nature! Mother Nature! Will you send us some snow?

George. We do so wish for a big snowstorm.

Mother Nature. Well, children, I will see what I can do for you. My plants and seeds need a snow blanket. I will send for Jack Frost. Jack Frost! Jack Frost!

(Jack Frost enters and makes a low bow.)

Jack Frost. Here I am, Mother Nature; what do you wish me to do?

Mother Nature. These children and my plants are calling for a snowstorm.

All. Yes, Jack Frost, please send us a snowstorm.

Jack Frost. Ha, ha! boys and girls. Let me take you by the hands!

All. No, sir, we will run from you unless you bring us a snowstorm.

Jack Frost. You must first see the king of the clouds, and ask him for some clouds.

George. Come on, I know where the Cloud King lives.

Cloud King. What do you wish, my little children?

Mabel. Oh, Cloud King! Will you send some clouds into the sky, so that Jack Frost can make some snowflakes?

Cloud King. I need some vapor for my clouds.

You must go to the ocean and ask him to send some vapor.

James. We will run to the ocean and ask for vapor. We love Old Ocean and play with him.

Old Ocean. There you are again, my little play fellows! I am very glad to see you.

Henry. And we are glad to see you again.

Old Ocean. Why are you here? It is too cold for you to play in my waves.

George. Old Ocean, we want a snowstorm, and the Cloud King needs more vapor.

Mabel. Please send some, so that Jack Frost can make us some snowflakes.

Old Ocean. I will send the vapor, if the little ray fairies will carry it for me.

Anna. I know where the ray fairies live! They live in the sun.

Old Ocean. Yes, you must ask the sun. He is looking down upon you now.

Sun. I shall be glad to send them. Fly, little ray fairies, down to the ocean.

Old Ocean. Here is the vapor for you.

Ray Fairies. We will fly with the vapor.

Cloud King. I shall soon have the sky filled with clouds.

Mother Nature. Blow upon the clouds, Jack Frost! Fill the air with snowflakes.

All. Hurrah! Hurrah! Here comes the snow-storm! Now for a game of snowball.

(Let the class have an imaginary game of snowball.)





Paul. Let us play it is Christmas.

Philip. I will be Santa Claus.

Julia. I will be the mother, and Elsie, Fred, and Grace may be my children.

Fred. I will put up this string so that we may hang up our stockings.

Julia. Here are the stockings.

Fred. The big one is mine.

Elsie. I will have this one.

Grace. I am the baby and will take the little one.

Julia. What do you want in your stocking, Gracie?

Grace. I want a big doll with eyes that will open and shut.

Elsie. I want a set of dishes.

Fred. I want a bicycle.

Paul. Oh! oh! oh! a bicycle in a stocking!

Fred. Well, I want a bicycle for Christmas.

Philip. So do I. We can have them beside our stockings.

Julia. Come, my children, you must all go to sleep now.

Elsie. I like to go to bed early the night before Christmas.

Philip. Yes, it makes morning come sooner.

Grace. Good night, everybody.

All. Good night! good night!

(Children lay their heads on desks and close their eyes.)

Santa Claus. Oh, yes! Here are some stockings to fill.

I think I have just what these children will like.

(Fills stockings.)



Now I must go as quietly as I can. I hear my reindeer on the roof.

Paul. Wake up, everybody! Merry Christmas!

All. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Fred. Come and get our stockings.

Philip. Here they are all full!

Elsie. I wish I could have seen Santa Claus when he filled them!

(Children take their stockings to their desks.)

Grace. Oh, look at my doll!

Elsie. See this pretty book!

Philip. I have a bicycle.

Fred. So have I!

Paul. See my cart!

All. Three cheers for Santa Claus and a Merry Christmas to all!

NOTE. — The stockings may be cut from paper and the presents cut from advertisements. A fringe of paper may serve as a beard for Santa Claus.



Little Red Hen. Here is a grain of wheat. Will you plant it, little mouse?

Mouse. No, indeed, I will not.

Little Red Hen. Will you plant this grain of wheat, pig?

Pig. I will not.

Little Red Hen. Will you plant it, cat?

Cat. No, I will not.

Little Red Hen. Well, I will. Here you go into the earth, little grain.

You shall have a chance to grow.

My wheat has grown now; who will take it to the mill?

Pig. I will not take it.

Little Red Hen. Will you run there with it, mousie?

Mouse. No, I will not. I wish to play about here.

Little Red Hen. Will you carry this wheat to the mill, old cat?

Cat. No, I wish to sleep here in the sun. You may carry it yourself.

Little Red Hen. So I will. I will carry this wheat to the mill and have it ground into flour.

Here is the flour; now we can have some bread. Will you make some bread, little mousie?

Mouse. No, red hen, I do not care to make bread.

Little Red Hen. Will you make us some bread of the flour, pig?

Pig. No, I will not. I like to eat bread, but I do not care to make it.

Little Red Hen. Wake up, old cat, we want you to make some bread for us.

Cat. Oh, let me alone! I cannot make bread. Why do you not make it?

Little Red Hen. I will make it. See my fine loaf of bread! Who will help me eat it?

Mouse. I will.

Pig. Give some to me.

Cat. It looks good; let me have it.

Little Red Hen. No, indeed! You would not help in any way. Now you may go without.

I and my chickens will eat it. Come chick! chick! chick! Here is a feast for you.







Mrs. Shafto. Good morning, Mother Hubbard.

Mother Hubbard. Good morning, Mrs. Shafto.

Mrs. Shafto. Will you not come in and rest?

Mother Hubbard. Yes, thank you, I will. I have been to get something to eat for my poor dog.

Mrs. Shafto. You have such a funny dog, Mother Hubbard. What is he doing to-day?

Mother Hubbard. Oh, dear! I do not know. He does so many things.

Mrs. Shafto. Do sit down and rest, Mother Hubbard. Will you have a glass of milk?

Mother Hubbard. No, thank you; I do not care for milk. May I have a glass of water?

Mrs. Shafto. Oh, yes. Dear me! there is no water in the pail. Jack! Jack!

Jack. Here I am, mother.

Mrs. Shafto. Jack, dear, will you take this pail and get some water for Mother Hubbard?

Jack. Yes, mother, I will. May Jill go with me?

Mrs. Shafto. Yes, Jill may go to the well.

Jack. Come on, Jill.

Jill. All right, Jack. I will help you carry the pail.

(At the well.)

Jack. Here we are at the well. I will fill the pail.

Jill. I like this well. See all the daisies on this hill. I will get some for mother.

Jack. Come on now, Jill. Help me carry the pail.

Jill. Yes, I will. Oh, Jack, do not run. I cannot run with this pail of water.

Jack. Yes, you can. Come on.

Jill. You will fall. There you go!

Jack. Oh, dear! oh, dear! My poor head!

Jill. You made me fall, too, you bad boy! I will tell mother.

Jack. We must go back to the well for some water.

Jill. You must not run this time.

Jack. All right. I will not run.

(At home.)

Here is the pail of water, mother.

Jill. Yes, and Jack ran and we fell down the hill.

Jack. See my poor head.

Mrs. Shafto. I will put some wet paper on it.
Do you know who is here?

Jill. No, mother. Who is it?

Mrs. Shafto. Bobby has come home from sea.

Jack and Jill. Oh! oh! oh! We will run to see him.

Bobby. Here I am, Jack and Jill! I am glad to see you.





Mother Squirrel. I am Mother Squirrel.

Frisky. I am Frisky, one of her little squirrels.

Climber. I am Climber, another son.

Bright Eyes. And I am Bright Eyes, her only daughter.

All. We will take hold of each other's paws and make a bow.

Mother Squirrel. This corner shall be our nest. Come to your nest, my little squirrels.

Climber. I shall be there first!

Frisky. Just see me run!

Bright Eyes. Here we are all together!

Mother Squirrel. I smell an apple. See if you can find it.

Frisky. I will run about among these trees.

Climber. I will climb over this one.

Bright Eyes. I see it up on that high rock.

Mother Squirrel. We will take it to our nest and eat it there. Run fast, my little squirrels.

Frisky. Here we are in our nest.

Bright Eyes. What a good apple this is!

Climber. I wish I had some nuts.

Mother Squirrel. They will soon be ripe and we shall have all we wish.

Hark, my children! Keep very still! Some one is coming!

Ethel. I wonder if there are any squirrels in this park.

I have some nuts and wish to feed the squirrels.

Mother Squirrel. That is a kind little girl. We will see what she has for us.

Bright Eyes. Oh, mother! she has some fine large nuts!

Climber. May we go to her and get some?

Mother Squirrel. Yes, if you will be very careful.

Ethel. You dear little squirrels! I see you peeping at me!

Come and get some nuts.

Do not run away. I will not try to catch you.

Mother Squirrel. I think she is a kind girl. You can run so fast, Frisky, that you may get one nut and bring it here.

Ethel. There, little squirrel, you see I did not hurt you. Bring the other squirrels here.

Frisky. Come on, Climber and Bright Eyes. She has some fine nuts for us.

Mother Squirrel. Go carefully, my children, not too near at first.

She may wish to catch you and put you in a cage.

Ethel. Oh, there are three of you! No, four! Is the big one your mother?

You may have all my nuts.

All the squirrels. Oh, thank you, little girl! We like your nuts very much.





Pie Man. Halloa, boy, what is your name?

Simon. My name is Simon. They call me simple Simon.

Pie Man. Is that so?

Simon. Yes, that is what they call me. Where are you going?

Pie Man. Oh, I am going to the fair.

Simon. What is in your box?

Pie Man. Some pies. Just look at them! Are n't those fine pies?

Simon. Oh, my! Let me have a bite of one!

Pie Man. All right! Give me a penny and you shall have a whole one.

Simon. A penny! I have no penny. I will go and ask mother for one.

Mother! mother! Will you give me a penny to buy a pie?

Mother. No, I cannot. You must earn a penny if you want one.

Simon. All right! I will earn a penny.

Mother. I am going to market. See if you can earn a penny while I am gone.

Simon. Halloa, Tommy Tucker! How can I earn a penny?

Tommy Tucker. What do you want of a penny, Simple Simon?

Simon. I want to buy a pie for my supper.

Tommy Tucker. I earn my supper by singing.

Simon. I wish I could. They always tell me to keep still when I sing.

Tommy Tucker. I will tell you. Go catch some fish and sell them.

Simon. I will do it. I will catch a whale and then I can buy all the pies the man has.

Tommy Tucker. Have you a fish pole?

Simon. (Takes the pointer.) This stick will make a fine fish pole.

Tom, the Piper's Son. What is Simple Simon trying to do?

Jill. Oh, he is going fishing. Where is the water, Simon? Shall I get it for you!

Simon. Here it is. My mother has a pail of it.

Boy Blue. Ha! ha! ha! You will catch no fish there.

Simon. I can, too. You go away, Boy Blue! I do not like you!

Bopeep. Jack Horner! Jack Horner! come over here!

Tom. Look at Simple Simon! He is trying to catch a fish in his mother's water pail!

Jack Horner. Ha! ha! ha! Say, Simon, what are you doing?

Simon. I am going to earn a penny to buy a pie.

Jack Horner. I had a fine pie at Christmas.

Boy Blue. What kind of a pie was it?

Jack Horner. A Christmas pie, of course.

Simon. What was in it?

Jack Horner. Everything good. I put in my thumb and drew out a plum.

Jill. You did! What did you say to that?

Jack Horner. I said, "What a good boy am I!"

Simon. I will go and pick some plums. There is a fine plum tree in mother's garden. See that!

Bopeep. Yes, I see it, but it is a thistle.

Tom. Plums do not grow on thistles.

Simon. I shall look there for them, anyway.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! I pricked my fingers.

I will wait until mother comes home and she will make a pie for me.





Kitten. Meow! meow! meow!

Robert. Oh, you poor little kitten! What is the matter with you?

Kitten. Meow! meow! I cannot find my home.

Robert. Poor little kitty! Why did you leave your home?

Kitten. I followed a little boy, but he ran away and left me.

Robert. Come, kitty, kitty, kitty. I will not harm you.

I will take you to my sister Alice.

Alice! Alice! Come out here.

Alice. Here I am, Robert. What do you wish?

Robert. Here is a little kitten who has no home.

Alice. The poor little thing! Come, kitty, kitty, kitty. You shall have some milk.

Kitten. Meow! meow! I am very hungry.

Alice. Come into the house with me.

Mary! Mary! Where are you?

Mary. Here I am out in the kitchen.

Alice. See my dear little kitten. Robert found it in the street.

Mary. Here is a saucer of milk for the poor little thing!

Alice. I must go and ask mamma if I may keep it.

Mamma, Robert found a dear little kitten in the street. May I keep it?

Mamma. Where is the kitten, Alice?

Alice. It is in the kitchen. Mary gave it some milk. Poor little thing!

It was very hungry.

Mamma. You may bring the kitten here and let me see it.



BRAND

Walter. Oh, please let Alice keep the kitten
I do like little kittens!

I will run down to see it drink milk.

Alice. Now, kitty, do you feel better?

Kitten. Purr! purr! Yes, I do.

Walter. What a pretty kitten that is! I hope
mamma will let us keep it.

Alice. Come, kitty, I must take you to mamma.

Mamma. That is a very pretty kitty. You
may keep it.





KITTY'S MASTER

Mary. Alice! Alice! Come here.

Alice. What is it, Mary?

Mary. Here is a boy who wishes to see your kitty.

Tom. A man told me that you had my kitty. It ran away yesterday.

Alice. Yes, I did find a kitten, but it may not be yours.

Tom. My kitten was gray with white paws, and was about so big. (Measures with hands.)

Alice. That is the one. I will show you the kitten. Come, kitty.

Tom. Yes, that is my own little kitten.

Walter. What are you going to do with my kitten?

Tom. It is my kitten, and I am going to take it home.

Alice. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I want to keep that little kitten.

Walter. You go home, you bad boy!

Mamma. Why, Walter, you must not say that. The kitten belongs to this boy.

It is not yours. You must let him have it.

Tom. I have another kitten at home which I will give you.

It is white, and not so big as this one.

Alice. Oh, please do! I like very small kittens.

Robert. Have you two kittens?

Tom. Yes, and I have a big mother cat.

Mary. Shall I give the kitten some milk before you take it home?

Walter. Yes, Mary, please do.

Tom. I will go home for the other kitten while this one is drinking the milk.



(Robert and Tom walk out together.)

Alice. Here they come now!

Robert. Oh, Alice! See this kitten! It is prettier than the other, and not as big.

Alice. I am glad of that. I like little kittens.

Tom. Here is the kitten! Its name is Snow-ball.

Mamma. That is a good name for it. It is so white and round.

Tom. Walter, am I a bad boy?

Walter. No, you are a good boy. Come and see us some day.

Tom. Thank you, I will, and you must all come to see Kitty Gray.

Good-by! Good-by.





First child

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't tease her
She will do me no harm.

Second child

I will not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

Third child

She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;

And pussy will love me
Because I am good.

Fourth child

I will pat little pussy,
And then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her.

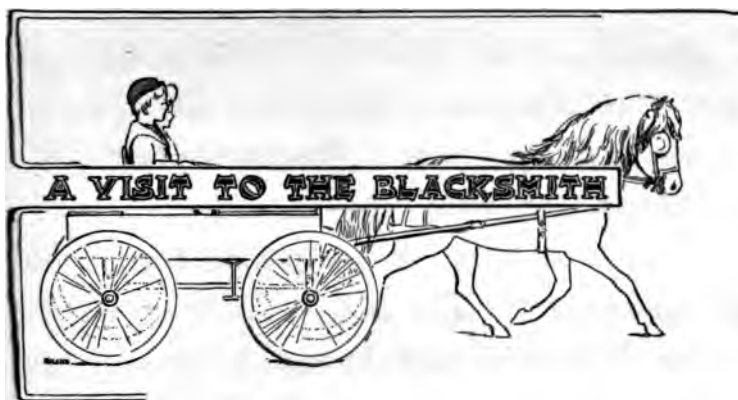
Fifth child

I will not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw.

Sixth child

I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For she does not like
To be worried nor teased.

JANE TAYLOR.



Edward. Whoa, little pony! Good little pony!
I want you to give me a ride.

Let me put your harness on.

Sue. Edward! Edward! Where are you going?

Edward. Oh, just for a little ride. Do you
want to go?

Sue. Yes, I will put on my hat and come.

Mother. Edward, I wish you to buy some eggs
at the farmhouse.

Edward. All right, mother! That will give us
a pretty ride through the woods.

Mother. This is a lovely morning for a ride.
Good-by, children.

Edward and Sue. Good-by, mother. We wish you were going with us.

Sue. Is n't this fun? I like to ride fast.

Why, see the pony! He is lame.

Edward. So he is. Whoa, pony! Let me look at your foot.

Sue. Is his foot hurt, Edward?

Edward. No, I think not. I will ask this man to look at it.

Will you please look at my pony's foot?

Man. Yes, my boy. Your pony needs a new shoe.

You must take him to the blacksmith's shop.

Sue. I know where that is.

Edward. We will drive there slowly. Thank you, sir. Good-by.

Man. Good-by, my little man. I am glad your pretty pony is not lame.

Edward. Here we are at the blacksmith's shop.

Good morning, blacksmith! Will you put a new shoe on my pony?

Blacksmith. Yes, sir. Bring your pony here.
I must make a shoe to fit him.

Sue. May we come in to see you make it?

Blacksmith. Come right in. I first take my
bellows and blow the fire.

Hand me that piece of iron. It is hard now,
and I must heat it in the fire.

I hold it there with my pincers.

Edward. It is red hot now.

Blacksmith. Yes, I can hammer it into shape.
Here comes my little girl. She likes to see
the sparks fly.

Sue. So do we.

Edward. I think I shall be a blacksmith when
I am a man.

Blacksmith. Well, Anna, did you come to see
this pretty pony?

Anna. Yes, father, may I give it this apple?

Edward. Yes, my pony likes apples. Thank
the little girl, Brownie.

(Pony bows.)

Anna. What a dear little pony!

Blacksmith. He knows a great deal I think.
Come here, Brownie. Hold up your foot for
your shoe.

(Blacksmith pretends to nail the shoe on.)

Now you are all right.

Edward. Thank you, sir. My father will
come and pay you.

Sue. Now we will have our ride. Good-by,
blacksmith. Good-by, Anna.





Jack of Dreams. I am Jack of Dreams with my bag of golden dust. I will put you all to sleep.

(Scatters imaginary dust.)

Children: We are all nodding, nid, nid, nodding!
We are all nodding, and dropping off to sleep.

Heads down on desks with eyes closed. Child takes a small mirror and sends reflection about the room. Children waken.)

Ralph. Here comes the sunlight, the merry unlight! Wake up, little boys and girls!

All. Wake up, wake up so brightly,
As brightly as brightly can be.
We will all wake up so brightly,
And tell what we did see.

Ida. Oh, we had such happy dreams.

Kate. I dreamed I had a big new doll and was rocking it like this.

John. I dreamed that I was riding in a train with my father, and the engine was going very fast.

Edith. I dreamed that I was a bird and could fly like this.

Howard. I dreamed that I had a little pony, and was riding on his back.

Margaret. I dreamed that my hen had ten chickens, and I was feeding them.

Will. I dreamed that I had a pair of skates and skated around the pond.

Albert. I dreamed that I went fishing and caught enough fish for breakfast.

Helen. I dreamed that I had a little white kitten and was patting her like this.

George. I had a fine black dog and ran a race with him.

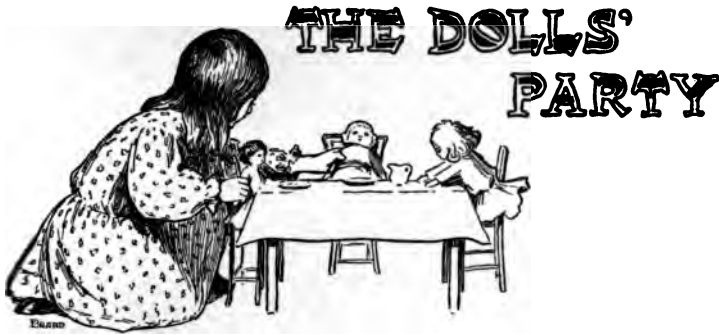
Frank. I had a new drum and was marching like this.

May. I dreamed I had a garden and picked some flowers for my teacher.

All. Thank you, Jack of Dreams, come and see us again.







May. Oh, Evelyn! see what I found on my desk.

*Miss May Lee
Schoolroom*

Evelyn. I have one with my name on it, too.
Open it and read what is in it.

May.

Dear May:

*Will you and your doll
come to a dolls' party next
Friday afternoon at three
o'clock?*

Grace.

Evelyn. That is what it said in my letter.
What shall you write her?

May. Will this do?

My dear Grace:

Thank you for your invitation for Friday. Dolly and I will be pleased to come to the party.

May.

(At the party.)

Grace. How do you do, May? I am glad to see you and your doll.

May. Thank you, Grace, we are glad to be here.

Elsie. Oh, May! how pretty your doll looks!

Gladys. See my baby doll. She is asleep in the hammock.

Frances. Here is a chair for your doll, May.

May. Thank you, Frances. Oh, how pretty the table looks!

Evelyn. See my doll look at it.

Gladys. Where did you get the little dishes?

Elsie. Mamma let me bring them to school.

Grace. My mother made the little cakes.

Frances. See my two little dolls in the high
Chairs.

Evelyn. The dear little things!

Grace. Please put the dolls at the table now.

Elsie. Yes, we will. How pretty they look!

Grace. May, will you please pass the little
Cakes to the dolls?

Gladys. But the dolls cannot eat!

May. No, they cannot eat, but we can eat
for them.

Evelyn. What can the dolls play?

Elsie. Oh, I know! They can play "Button,
button! who has the button?"

May. Oh, yes, so they can.

All. What fun it is to have a dolls' party!

Frances. I shall have one for my doll on her
next birthday.





Bopeep. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I cannot find my sheep. I am afraid the farmer will cut off their fine long tails.

Tom, the Piper's Son. What is the trouble, little Bopeep? Why do you cry?

Bopeep. Oh, Tom! Have you seen my pretty white sheep?

Tom. No, I have not seen them. I never go near the farmyard.

Bopeep. Not since you stole the pig and ran away. Well, I hope you will not steal one of my lambs.

Tom. No, indeed, I am a good boy now. If I find your sheep, I will drive them home.

Bopeep. Here are Jack and Jill! Where are you going, Jack and Jill?

Jack. We are going up the hill for some water. Mother wants this pail full, so Jill is going to help me carry it.

Bopeep. Have you seen my sheep?

Jill. Yes, I saw them in Farmer Gray's meadow.

Jack. They were following Boy Blue.

Bopeep. Oh, I know where he goes! I will run and catch him.

Mother Hubbard. Where are you going, Bo-peep?

Bopeep. Oh, Mother Hubbard! I am so glad to see you. Will you let your dog go with me to help find my sheep?

Mother Hubbard. Yes, as soon as I have been to the stores.

Bopeep. I cannot wait, Mother Hubbard. You go to so many stores.

Good-by, I must run to find my sheep.

(Jack and Jill enter and stumble.)

Jack and Jill. Help! help! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Bopeep. Why, what is the matter?

Jack. We were coming down the hill and I fell and spilled all the water.

Jill. Yes, and you pulled me down, too, you bad boy! Look at my clean dress!

I shall go home and tell mother.

Jack. See my poor head! I think it is broken.

Bopeep. Your dress will soon dry. Go back and fill your pail again.

I must go on to find my sheep.

Sally Waters. I will go with you.

Bopeep. Do look over there! My sheep are in Farmer John's meadow! What will he say?

Sally Waters. And see the cows in the corn-field. They are eating it as fast as they can.

Bopeep. Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Why don't you blow your horn?

Sally Waters. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Where can he be?

Bopeep. You stop crying, Sally Waters. I see him. He is fast asleep under that haystack.

Bopeep and Sally Waters. Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Boy Blue!

Boy Blue (rubbing his eyes). Go away, I am having a fine sleep. Let me alone.

Bopeep. The sheep are in the meadow!

Sally Waters. The cows are in the corn!

Boy Blue (jumping up). Where is my horn? I shall soon have them out.

Those are your sheep, Bopeep.

Bopeep. I know they are, and I am so glad to find them.

Boy Blue. I will blow my horn for the cows, and you call your sheep.

Bopeep, Sally Waters, and Boy Blue. Here they come. They have done no harm and we will drive them home.





To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?

The cow

“Not I,” said the cow, “moo, oo!
Such a thing I’d never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But did n’t take your nest away.
Not I,” said the cow, “moo, oo!
Such a thing I would never do.”

Yellow bird

To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?

“ Bobolink ! bobolink !
Now what do you think ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ? ”

The dog

“ Not I,” said the dog, “ bow-wow !
I would n’t be so mean, I vow ;
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.”

Yellow bird

To whit ! to whit ! to whee !
Will you listen to me ?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made ?

The sheep

“ Not I,” said the sheep, “ oh, no !
I would n’t treat the poor bird so .

I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no!
I would not treat a poor bird so."

The cuckoo

"Coo! coo!" said the cuckoo,
"Let me speak a word, too.
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow breast?"

The crow

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day."

The hen

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
"Do not ask me again!
Why, I have n't a chick
Would do such a trick.

We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her or her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!"

All the birds

"Chir-a-whir! chir-a-whir!
We will make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

Mary Green

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

Alice Neal

"'Tis very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;

“I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel!”

A little boy hung down his head
And hid himself behind the bed;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast.
And he felt so full of shame
He did not like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.







Mrs. Brown. I must finish this dress for Mabel to-day. I hope no one will come to see me.

Ding-a-ling!

(Bell rings and Ellen goes to the door.)

Mrs. Lee. Is Mrs. Brown at home?

Ellen. Yes, ma'am. Will you walk in and take a seat?

Mrs. Brown. Good morning, Mrs. Lee. How do you do?

Mrs. Lee. Very well I thank you, Mrs. Brown. This is my son Herbert.

Mrs. Brown. Good morning, Herbert.

Herbert. Good morning, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown. Arthur, here is Herbert Lee.

Arthur. How are you, Herbert? Come out and see my new dog.

Mrs. Lee. I came to return your book, Mrs. Brown. I thank you for letting me read it.

Mrs. Brown. Will you not sit down, Mrs. Lee?

Mrs. Lee. Not this morning, Mrs. Brown. I must take Herbert to buy some new shoes. Come, Herbert, we must go.

Herbert. All right, mother.

Good-by, Arthur. Come and see my doves.

Arthur. I will. Come over again. Good-by.

(Mrs. Brown sits down and begins to sew.)

Rap! rap! rap! (At another door. Ellen goes to the door.)

Fruit seller. Do you want any oranges to-day?

Ellen. I will ask Mrs. Brown.

(Shuts the door and goes to Mrs. Brown.)

Mrs. Brown, there is a man here selling oranges.

(Mrs. Brown lays down her work and goes to the door.)

Mrs. Brown. How much are your oranges?

Fruit seller. Fifty cents a dozen.

Mrs. Brown. Fifty cents a dozen! That is too much.

Fruit seller. Here are some smaller ones for thirty cents.

Mrs. Brown. Those are good. I will take a dozen of them. Here is a dollar.

Fruit seller. Thank you, ma'am. Here is your change. (Mrs. Brown goes back to her work.)

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-ling!

(Ellen goes to the front door.)

Ellen. There is a man here who wishes to see you.

Peddler. Good morning, lady, I have a very fine soap to sell. It costs only twenty-five cents a cake! Will you have a dozen cakes?

Mrs. Brown. No, I do not need any soap to-day. Good morning.

Oh, dear! Shall I ever finish this dress? Here comes Mabel now.

Mabel. Oh, mamma, how pretty my dress is going to be! When will it be made?

Mrs. Brown. I do not know, dear. I have to stop sewing so often.

Ding-ling-ling!

Mrs. Brown. There is some one else.

Mabel. I will go to the door, mamma.

Oh, Aunt Alice! I am so glad to see you!

Aunt Alice. Is your mother at home, dear?

Mabel. Yes, she is in here. Come right in.

Mamma, here is Aunt Alice.

Mrs. Brown. I am so glad to see you, Alice.

Aunt Alice. I am glad to find you at home. I have come to help you sew.

Mabel. Aren't you good! Now my dress will be made in time for the party.





Mildred. Good morning, Annie. Are you ready to go to school?

Annie. I must get my book and slate, and say good-by to mamma.

Good-by, mamma. I am going to school now.

Mamma. Good-by, dear. Be a good girl and try to please your teacher.

Mildred. Let us walk down this street. Willie Day has broken his leg, and he watches for me every morning.

Annie. There he is now.

Herbert. Willie, see what I have for you.

Willie. Is it a book?

Herbert. No, not this time, but you will need a book to use with it.

Willie. Oh, I know! It is a box of paints.

Herbert. You are right. Here they are.

Willie. Thank you, Herbert, I like to paint. Have you seen what George gave me?

Herbert. No, what is it?

Willie. Look in that basket.

Annie. Oh, the dear little kitten!

Wake up, you sleepy thing!

Willie. You should see it play. It runs after its tail and likes to play with my ball.

Annie. I wish it would play now.

Herbert. We must go to school. Good-by, Willie.

Annie. Good-by, Willie. I hope you will soon be well.

Willie. Good-by, come again. Thank you very much for the paints.

Annie. Why, look at that man!

Herbert. What is the matter with him?

Annie. I think he is blind and wishes to cross the street.

Herbert. I will ask him.

Do you wish to cross the street, sir?

Blind man. Yes, my boy. I am blind.

Herbert. I will help you. Let me take your hand.

Blind man. I have been waiting for my grandson. He said he would meet me here.

Tom. Grandfather, here I am! I will walk home with you. Halloa, Herbert!

Herbert. Why, halloa, Tom, is that you?

Blind man. This boy came to help me. Do you know him?

Tom. Yes. Herbert is one of my friends.

Blind man. Is that so? Well, that is good. You are both kind boys.

Annie. There is our teacher.

See all the books she has.

Herbert. Let us walk to school with her.

Good morning, Miss Gray.

Teacher. Good morning, Herbert and Annie.

Annie. Good morning, Miss Gray. I saw you first.

Teacher. Have you had a pleasant walk to school?

Annie. Yes, we started early, and went to see Willie.

Herbert. May I help carry your books, Miss Gray?

Teacher. Yes, thank you, Herbert. These are your new reading books.

Annie. New reading books! I am so glad. May we read in them to-day?

Teacher. Yes, I think so. Here we are at the school.





First child

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand ;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand ?

Second child

“ We may not dare,” the waves reply.
“ That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land.

Third child

And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.”

Selected.





THE BAD PIG

Dame Trot. I must sweep to-day. I wish my home to look neat. What is this? A sixpence! Well, well! I can go to market and buy a pig.

(At market.)

Marketman. Good morning, Dame Trot. What do you wish to-day?

Dame Trot. Will you sell me one of your pigs?

Marketman. What will you give me for a pig?

Dame Trot. I have a sixpence.

Marketman. A sixpence for a pig! That is too little.

Dame Trot. But I want a little pig.

Marketman. Here is a pig you may have for a sixpence ; but he is a bad little pig.

Dame Trot. Come home with me, piggy.

Pig. I will go with you, Dame Trot.

Dame Trot. Jump over this stile, piggy.

Pig. I do not like that stile. I will not jump over it.

Dame Trot. Dog, dog, bite piggy. Piggy will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.

Dog. Bow-wow-wow ! No, Dame Trot ; I will not bite the little pig.

Dame Trot. You must bite the pig. Stick, stick ! beat the dog.

Stick. Why shall I beat the dog ?

Dame Trot. The dog will not bite my pig. My pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.

Stick. I will not beat that good dog.

Dame Trot. Fire, fire ! burn the stick.

Fire. Why shall I burn the stick, Dame Trot ?

Dame Trot. The stick will not beat the dog. The dog will not bite the pig. The pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.

Fire. No, Dame Trot; I will not burn that pretty stick.

Dame Trot. Water, water, will you quench that fire?

Water. Why should I quench the fire, Dame Trot?

Dame Trot. The bad fire will not burn the stick. The stick will not beat the dog. The dog will not bite the pig. My pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.

Water. That is not a bad fire. I will not quench it.

Dame Trot. What shall I do? I must take
my pig home.

Pig. Wee! wee! I will not jump over the stile.





DAME TROT FINDS A FRIEND



Dame Trot. Oh, ox, good ox! Please drink that water.

Ox. Why should I drink that water, Dame Trot?

Dame Trot. The water will not quench the fire. The fire will not burn the stick. The stick will not beat the dog. The dog will not bite my bad little pig, and I shall not get home to-night.

Ox. No, I will not drink the water.

Dame Trot. Man, man! please kill this ox.

Man. Why should I kill my ox?

Dame Trot. He is a bad ox. He will not drink this water. The water will not quench

the fire. The fire will not burn the stick. The stick will not beat the dog. The dog will not bite the bad pig, and I shall not get home to-night.

Man. My ox is a good ox. I cannot kill him, Dame Trot.

Dame Trot. Rope, will you hang the man?

Rope. Hang the man! Why should I hang the man?

Dame Trot. Oh, rope! the man will not kill the ox. The ox will not drink the water. The water will not quench the fire. The fire will not burn the stick. The stick will not beat the dog. The dog will not bite the pig. The bad little pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.

Rope. It is too bad, Dame Trot; but I will not hang the man.

Dame Trot. Rat, little rat! will you gnaw that rope?

Rat. Why should I gnaw the rope, Dame Trot?

Dame Trot. The rope will not hang the man. The man will not kill the ox. The ox will not drink the water. The water will not quench the fire. The fire will not burn the stick. The stick will not beat the dog. The dog will not bite the pig. The bad, bad pig will not jump over the stile, and I shall not get home to-night.

Rat. I do not care. I will not gnaw the rope.

Dame Trot. Oh, dear! What shall I do? I wish I had my good cat here.

Cat. Me-ow! me-ow!

Dame Trot. There she is now.

Cat. Why, Dame Trot! what is the trouble?

Dame Trot. Oh, pussy dear! will you catch that rat?

Cat. Yes, I will. Here he is.

Dame Trot. Now will you gnaw that rope?

Rat. Yes, yes, if the cat will let me go.

Then the rat began to gnaw the rope. The rope began to hang the man. The man began

to kill the ox. The ox began to drink the water. The water began to quench the fire. The fire began to burn the stick. The stick began to beat the dog. The dog began to bite the pig. The pig jumped over the stile, and Dame Trot and her bad pig and her good cat went home.



DAME TROT AND HER CAT

Dame Trot and her cat
Sat down to chat.



The dame sat on this side,
The puss sat on that.

“Puss,” says the dame,
“Can you catch a rat,
Or a mouse in the dark?”

“Purr,” said the cat.

English Rhyme.

THE NORTH WIND



First child

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing?

Second child

He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.

Third child

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the honeybee do,
Poor thing?

Fourth child

In his hive he will stay
Till the cold's passed away,
And then he'll come out in the spring,
Poor thing.

Fifth child

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then,
Poor things?

Sixth child

When lessons are done,
They'll jump, skip, and run,
And that's how they'll keep themselves warm,
Poor things.



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